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Sunday, Mar. 6, 1938

Awful Week-ends

By the Brilliant Satirist

FISH

Visiting the Boss



1—"Say—I Want You to Be Extra Specially Nice to the Boss—It Will Help Me a Lot."



2—"Oh Mr Bigwig—This Is the Most Wonderful Cocktail I Have Ever Had"



3—"Oh Mr Bigwig—I Could Listen to You All Night—Your Conversation Is Just Wonderful."



4—"Oh Mr Bigwig—I Love the Way You Dance—It's Just Wonderful."



5—"Now—See What You've Done—the Boss's Wife'll Get Me the Sack and It's All Your Fault."



6—"I'm Going to Raise Your Pay Your Wife's the Most Intelligent Girl I've Met for a Long Time Past, and You've Got to Have the Position to Keep Her in."

Got Along Happily Till They Knew What Each Was Saying

Universal Language of Love Worked Perfectly Well as Long as Merry Fahrney and Her "Baron" Couldn't Understand Each Other's Words, but When They Learned—Boom Went the Romance Instantly



Like "The Mistletoe Bride" Merry Crept Into Her Trunk to Hide From Her Husband (With the Added Modern Note of Process Servers in His Suit for Annulment of Marriage), but She Escaped Alone, Unlike the Unfortunate Bride of the Pathetic Old Ballad by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Who Wrote:

O, and was her life—in sportive play—
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring—and, dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!—
Only to Be Discovered Many Years Later, Muddy Bones in Their Wedding Gown.

THERE'S supposed to be a sort of universal language of love, which has no words and doesn't need any, but which everyone is expected to understand—when in love.

So, no doubt, Merry Fahrney, known as the "madcap patient medicine woman," was relying on this international sign language not long ago when she married Arturo Berlingieri, thinking that he was an Italian baron and convinced that she and this third husband would understand each other perfectly, even though he spoke no English and she spoke no Italian.

Between us," she explained at the time, "we haven't enough words for a first-class argument, so we couldn't possibly quarrel without hiring an interpreter."

But now it seems that Merry read the signs wrong again, as usual. Instead of an interpreter, they both hired lawyers—and a Chicago judge has just given Merry a divorce from Arturo, who must have rapidly become far too articulate to suit her.

Where Merry made her worst error was in failing to remember that aristocratic Continentals have a remarkable facility for picking up a new language, particularly all those common expressions which have anything to do with money. So now she intimates that the speed with which Arturo learned to express himself in terms of American currency just about took her breath away.

On the other hand, Arturo contends that he merely mastered enough English in seventeen days to insist that Merry explain why he was still a "kissless" bridegroom—and that seems to have provoked the first-class argument which put an end to their brief romance.

At that time Merry was in Los Angeles, and before she had a chance to get out of town Arturo filed a \$142,000 annulment suit, charging that she had humiliated him, and started picketing her hotel with four process servers. But as long as there was going to be a court battle Merry was dead set on fighting it out in Chicago—on the home grounds.

"I've got to get out of here," she told her friends as she strode up and down the room. "If I don't I'm liable to do something desperate. I've got to get to Chicago right away and come back at him with a divorce suit."

But if she so much as stuck her nose out the door one of those process servers would pounce on her and tap her on the shoulder with a folded paper—and then she would be trapped.

All at once she stopped beside a trunk and stuck out her stubborn little chin.

"I've got it!" she said. "This trunk is big enough to hold me."

And then she threw up the lid and started pulling out her trousseau, tossing funny garments in every direction, in the same haphazard way she tosses aside husbands.

"Merry," her friends protested. "You can't do that; you'll suffocate!"

But Merry wouldn't listen to them. She called the porter, told him to send up two baggagemen and got herself ready to carry out her little game of hide-and-seek in a way that recalls the tragic story of "The Mistletoe Bride," who vanished many years ago in the midst of a Christmas party at Bramshill Castle, in Hampshire, England.

There were no process servers lying in wait for "The Mistletoe Bride," but Merry was not trying to escape from her bridegroom, Lord Lovell. As told by Thomas Haynes Bayly in his famous ballad, she had merely become weary of dancing and suggested that everyone play hide-and-seek, with her hiding first. They gave her five minutes and then the search began. As related by the poem:

"They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain while a week passed away;
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly—but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past.
Fifty years later the white-haired old lover
Happened to be going over things in distant corners of the castle when he came upon a worm-eaten chest in the garret. Raising the lid, he was shocked to find the moldering skeleton of his long-lost bride in the decayed fragment of her wedding dress and her withered bridal wreath. She had climbed into the chest to hide from her young husband and the lid—

"Closed with a spring! and, dreadful doom,



A Perfect Picture of Disillusionment—Merry and Her Husband, "Baron" Arturo Berlingieri, Sitting on Opposite Sides of the Table in the Chicago Courtroom While Helpless Merry Was Getting Her Divorce.

The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!" Merry Fahrney probably never heard the story of Lord Lovell's tragic bride—but she and her friends were fully aware of the risk she was running. Just the same, nothing they said had any effect on her.

"Suppose the key gets lost? Suppose the lock gets stuck? Suppose the trunk gets mixed up with a lot of others and they can't get you out in time? Suppose there isn't enough air in it to last you till you get to the airport?"

"I know I know," she replied. "I've thought of that, but I'm going to give those process servers the slip if it's the last thing I ever do."

And she did. The baggagemen were just about dumfounded when she told them what she wanted them to do—but they did it. After she was locked in the trunk they carried it out of the hotel, right past Arturo and his process servers, who never suspected a thing. And as soon as they could get it out to the airport they unlocked it and let her out, a little shaken up, a bit disheveled and rather grumpy from breathing stale air, but triumphant—and in plenty of time to catch the next plane for Chicago.

When Merry married Arturo last August she gave a rather odd reason for doing it—which seems even stranger now that he claims they were a "kissless" couple.

"He refused to flirt with me," she explained. "He insisted on making an honest woman of me. So I had to marry him."

But her agitation over her romantic mother may have also had something to do with it. She had just dashed back to this country from Paris in the hope that she would get home in time to prevent her mother from marrying Theodore Harden Jr., said to be a nephew of the late Harry Houdini. Only 32 years old, Theodore was once attentive to Merry, who felt that he was much too young for her mother, who is 57.

But she landed too late. On arriving in New York she learned that her mother and young Harden were already married. So, for consolation, she naturally turned to the understanding Arturo, who had also come over from Paris so he could continue his stern refusal to flirt with her.

She did not know much about him, of

course, since their mode of communication was limited to the universal language of love and Merry's flimsy school French, which does not seem to have been exactly finished. From his French, or his gestures, or something or other, she got the impression that he was a baron, till his father died.

In explaining to her friends who he was, about all she could tell them was that he was a "gentleman-jockey who rides in the races just for the fun of it and doesn't seem to have any money right now, but when his uncle, the Marquis of something or other, dies he will get some money and a better title." That seemed plausible enough, because "gentleman-jockeys" really do not ride for money, which is one reason they almost never have any till they marry an heiress.

But if Merry's information about Arturo was somewhat vague, he found her even more vague (and confusing) after their marriage. On their wedding night, for instance, she confused him considerably by insisting that they stay at different hotels, so he says, giving as her reason a desire to avoid publicity—and she kept on confusing him in much the same way till he finally decided to sue for an annulment. The \$142,000 he is asking is not for alimony, of course, but for damages—damages to his reputation in Italy, where his friends might laugh when he returns without the rich American wife he so recently married. Soon after the wedding Merry decided that it would be nice for her new husband to learn something about America and sent him to California in her automobile, with her chauffeur, after warning Arturo that he must not drive because he was a foreigner and didn't have a driver's license. As for herself, she made the trip on the train because she had already seen America and practically everything else worth seeing.

But when she got to Los Angeles she discovered that Arturo had disobeyed her and insisted on driving, so she tried to explain to him, in French, that this was a very naughty thing for him to do, on account of her automobile insurance. It may have been the tone she used, and it may have been her French—but, whatever it was, she says something made him so furious that he gave her a black eye, which she lists in her complaint as strike one. Meanwhile, according to his complaint, Arturo had improved enough for Merry to give him a special lesson in the way English is spoken in America by saying:

"Over here you will find that we call each other honey and darling, but it doesn't mean anything." And Arturo says she was right about that—as far as he was concerned.

By this time they apparently understood each other quite well—but it certainly wasn't that kind of perfect understanding Merry had expected. On the contrary, it seems that no matter whether they were trying to converse in English, Italian, French or just the dumb speech of love, they simply didn't speak the same language.

For example, a few days later, while they were having breakfast, a waiter greeted Merry by saying: "Good morning, Miss Fahrney."

Instead of being amused by that slip, Arturo was angry, he says, and snarled at her.

"How dare you let a waiter address you that way? Don't forget that you are my wife and some day you will be a baroness!"

Then, as if to impress that impressive fact upon her forever and ever, she says that he hauled off and just about knocked her out of her chair, which is one reason she will not become a baroness, and which she lists as strike two. In denying this accusation, Arturo said that it was absurd to think that he would do such a thing, since he was educated to treat servants, and old people kindly—no mention of being made of ivory.

The third strike, as listed in her complaint, was a when he came storming into her room while she was having her hair fixed and hit her so hard on the head he drove a hairpin into her scalp, for what reason she did not know. Five days later he came back with a friend for a little business conference.

"First he said I had to pay him \$250,000 because I had humiliated him," Merry said. "When I told him that was ridiculous he cut it down to \$150,000, when I argued that that was too much he offered to settle for \$75,000. But I just laughed and laughed and right away he whittled down the extent of his humiliation to \$15,000, which only made me mean."

At that point it appears that Arturo ran out of English and every other language, especially the sweet language of love. Merry charges, that did not hinder him from expressing his opinion of her in an old and ugly way. While his friends hear her, she says, Arturo spit on her and struck her.

Having reached this final stage of perfect understanding, they now had enough words between them (and such words) to quarrel satisfactorily all the rest of their lives and without an interpreter. But were they willing to be contented with this achievement? They were not. Instead, they both rushed out and hired those lawyers.

Merry inherited a sizeable fortune from her grandfather, old Dr. Peter Fahrney, who amassed \$60,000 selling patent medicine. And ever since her life has been exciting.

Her first husband was Hugh Parker, who was married to her father's only child, Peter Fahrney. This marriage lasted about seven years, and not long after the divorce Merry drank some prohibition liquor one night and when she woke up she was in a hospital with a fractured skull and another husband.

Her conscious mind a blank, she had married a casual friend, Frank Van Kester, and after the ceremony their car had been in an accident, killing Frank's brother. The surgeons fixed up her fractured skull and the courts her annulment.

Aside from defeating Arturo's "humiliation" suit, her chief concern right now is to get her six-year-old son from the custody of her mother, who legally adopted him after Merry's first divorce. That son, she had, a good idea as long as her mother was the zealous wife of Henry H. Fahrney—but ever since Mrs. Fahrney became Mrs. Harden Merry has been trying to get the boy back.

So far, the only court decision in this squabble favorable to Merry is a recent ruling that even though legally adopted by his grandmother, the boy cannot be regarded as Merry's "brother," and therefore, is only entitled to inherit one-third of her estate, or one-fourth, if she had no other children. So the poor little child will have to struggle along as best he can on \$15,000 a year, rather than \$65,000.

ALICE MURKIN

Latest Photograph of Merry, Who Has Already Had Three Husbands, All of Whom Were Parted From Her in Unusually Sensational Fashion.

ALICE MURKIN

Modern Beauty Meets An Ancient Beast

PHOTOGRAPHERS are always on the lookout for so-called "beauty and the beast" pictures, for there is no more effective way of emphasizing a comely face and a shapely figure than to contrast these charms with something bizarre and ugly.

One of the finest such "shots" taken in this country for many a day is shown at the left. The beauty is Miss Marjoria Ferrin and the beast has a strange legend behind it. The girl is a native of Arizona and the head she's holding in her arms was found in a cave high up in the Superstition Mountains, just south-east of Phoenix.

Many people believe that the ugly head is the half-mummified top-piece of some prehistoric brute unmaned in the zoology books. Others, versed in the lore of the mountains from which it came, have the notion that it isn't a natural head at all, but a fabricated ceremonial mask used by the Indians that once lived in the Superstition Mountains and hidden there when they were driven away from the neighborhood by the prospectors and pioneers trekking westward.

There is another legend that, many years ago, a white man made the head and reported that he had found it. But natural or man-made, the fearsome relic made a perfect foil for one of Arizona's most eye-filling citizens.



"Thunder and Lightning," One of the Most Striking Paintings of Mrs. Irving T. Bush, the American Woman Who Does This Kind of Art Work in a Sort of Inspired Trance.

"Dream Paintings" That Puzzle London

THE celebrated Fine Art Galleries in London's fashionable Bond Street have housed many an unorthodox collection of paintings and sculpture, but none of these shows carved quite the right— is even more of a puzzle to the critics and laymen the other day.

The curating listing the canvases on view called the pictures "dream paintings" and explained that they were the handiwork of Mrs. Irving T. Bush, wife of the well-known American industrialist who also has extensive business interests in Great Britain.

The strangely moving paintings were done at odd times by Mrs. Bush, some of them at her London mansion, Bushwick, and others on board her husband's yacht. A few visitors to the exhibit called the pictures "meaningless" and "crazy," but several eminent art critics found the canvases exciting and remarkable examples of composition and color.

Strange as it may seem, Mrs. Bush took no bows for this high praise because she didn't know what she was painting. As she herself explained the collection of pictures, they really are "dream paintings" done under some curious influence that has her mystified.

"I've never had a lesson," she said. "I get an inspiration to paint, and dream the subject on the canvas without knowing whether I'm painting a castle or a fish. I try to think what I'm doing, the inspiration goes. I'm just left with the brush in my hand without any feeling about the picture or the ability to carry out the idea."

The "dream" painting at the top of the page is called "Thunder and Lightning." Mrs. Bush guesses that the

black figure is thunder and the light-colored beast lightning. But she isn't sure. The picture was finished before she was conscious of the theme.

"Leopard Man"—the canvas reproduced at the right—is even more of a puzzle to her. She doesn't recall being interested in primitive people at the

time she got the inspiration to do the picture. The figure just grew from her brush.

The picture that the critics like best is called "Peace" and shows a fantastic bird flying over the sea, with a sleeping woman's face visible beneath the water.

A Key For Business

THE country's highways are speckled with refreshment stands and way-side shops so designed that the tourist can tell at a glance just what necessities and luxuries are on sale on the inside. Hot dog emporiums are housed in the oversize likeness of pups built of wood and plaster. Ice cream parlors are giant ice cream freezers, handle and all.

But nowhere in these United States is there a plain-standing advertisement for goods than a little shop of a key maker near Orlando, Florida. As the photograph at the left shows, the establishment is itself a huge replica of a key, accurate to the last clean-cut notch in the shank.

The working quarters are at the bottom, where the key rounds out, and there is plenty of room for a generous stock of blank keys and the machinery for making them into any desired pattern.



"Leopard Man" Is Another of the "Dream Pictures" Done by the Artist Who Never Took a Lesson and Never Knew What the Subject Will Be When She Sits Down to Her Easel.

Died Just Like Romeo's Juliet

SAM FUJIMURA and Jessie Jean Salsan probably never read the classic and tragic love story of Romeo and Juliet, but it was their misfortune, with a slightly different twist, to reenact the sad fate of this fictitious couple.

Jessie, like the fair Juliet, went to an untimely grave, dead by her own hand, because she thought Sam was dead. Some alert writer of the truth-is-stranger-than-fiction type of story might well do the tragedy of Sam and Jessie as a sort of Romeo and Juliet in modern dress.

It all came about because Sam, a Japanese farmer living in Dinuba, California, fell in love with the pretty daughter of A. G. Salsan. Mr. Salsan warned the slant-eyed swain to keep away from his girl and emphatically explained to his daughter that, in California, it is against the law for an American to marry an Oriental.

But Sam just couldn't stop courting Jessie and, one day, Salsan banged away at the Japanese farmer with a shotgun, seriously wounding him. When he strode into the house with the gun in his hand, his daughter—who had been waiting for her lover and who had heard the shot—believed that Fuji-hara was dead. In a frenzy of grief she ran to the bathroom, opened the medicine cabinet and gulped down a bottle of poison.

Shakespeare's Juliet took a potion, too, but it wasn't a deadly draught. It's purpose was to put her in a deep sleep so that her folks and Romeo's would think she had died. When she came out of the stupor she planned to elope with her lover.

The lovers were rushed to the same hospital. The real Romeo and Juliet staged their luckless reunion in a tomb, where Romeo, mistaking Juliet's drug-induced stupor for death, committed suicide and she, waking to find him dead, killed herself.

Jessie died and Sam, eventually, recovered. It was many days before he was told that his Juliet had died for him, and for their love.



Miss Marjoria Ferrin, an Arizona Beauty, With the Partly Mummified Head of a Beast That Is a Puzzle to the Residents of the Superstition Mountains Region.



While Legislators and Economists Are Looking for a Key to Better Business Conditions, the Owner of This Shop at Orlando, Florida, Cleverly Advertises the Fact That he Makes Keys to Fit Any Lock.

Looking Into Things At the Zoo

EVERY big game hunter who has done much gunning in Africa knows that the long-necked giraffe and the squat, pop-eyed hippo don't pal around together. They are not, like the lion and the zebra, natural enemies, but they just don't travel in the same company. The still-legged giraffe stalks through the tall grass of the African veldt, pulling down meads from the tops of trees. The porcine hippopotamus spends most of his time soaking in the Dark Continent's muddy rivers filling his great maw with water weeds.

Domestication, however, does strange things too for the beasts that are brought back alive to spend their days cooped up where curious humans can stand outside the bars and find wonder in their appearance and amusement in their antics.

The photograph at the right is, in the opinion of the keepers at the London zoo, one of the most absurd animal pictures ever snapped by a camera. It shows two inmates that shouldn't be hibernating at all "talking things over" and, perhaps, trying to console each other because they had the bad luck to be in the wrong place when some collector of oddities on the hoof invaded their halliwick.



In Their Native African Haunts the Giraffe and Hippo Never Get Chummy, But Things Are Different in the London Zoo, Where They Occupy Adjacent Pens. The Long Necked Fellow Seems to Be Inspecting His Polky Pal's Tonsils.

Aching Feet and Legs as Causes of Divorce



Don't Wear Your Old Shoes Around the House, Says Dr. Krausz, but Your Newest, Most Expensive Ones; Bankruptcies Often Due to Your Stenographer's Weary Muscles—And Other New and Astonishing Discoveries About Your Walking



At the End of the Day a Woman's Aching Feet and Legs May Often Disturb Her Judgment to Such an Extent, Says Dr. Krausz, That Trifles Are Magnified and What Ought to Be Friendly Discussions Turn to Quarrels Which Ultimately Lead to the Divorce Court.



An Electrical Apparatus Used at Temple University, Philadelphia, Which by Means of High Frequency Electrical Waves Reduces Fatigue of Lower Leg and Foot Muscles.

THE man who likes sports reads about the "aging" legs of Jimmy Bradlock, Babe Ruth and other athletic favorites, and thoroughly agrees that an athlete is no older than his feet and legs—but he never stops to consider that neither is his wife any older than her feet and legs.

Nor, for that matter, if he is a business man, is his secretary.

When he reads about prize-fights or ball games being lost because of tiring and aging feet and legs, it doesn't occur to him that his unhappy home life, his wife's nagging may be due to the same thing.

Or that exactly the same cause may be behind his secretary's misplaced letters, badly filed papers and general inefficiency.

Yet the road to the divorce court is worn down more by aching feet and weary legs than light and naughty ones, and the path to bankruptcy know the dragging tread far more than the dancing one.

"Legs and feet," says Dr. Charles E. Krausz, of the School of Chiropractic, Temple University, Philadelphia, pointing out these rather surprising facts, "play a most important role in every-one's life that is realized."

Wearing old shoes in the house, he further says, is a serious error for any woman who wants to keep happily married—she should wear her best-fitting and probably most expensive for housework.

Also, among other surprising discoveries about feet and legs is that the average stenographer walks 43 miles every week, the average chorus girl dances 4½ miles at every performance, a policeman averages 14 miles a day on his beat but doctors working in hospitals average 18 miles a day and that an ordinary woman shopper walks 8½

miles through the stores on one of her trips.

Railroad conductors who are riding all the time walk in reality between 5 and 7 miles a day, and an ordinary outdoor salesman covers every year almost the exact distance between New York and San Francisco, or 3,500 miles.

"The feet and legs are the very foundations upon which we live and work," said Dr. Krausz to a reporter of *The American Weekly*, "the effects of tired and strained muscles in this important part of the anatomy are far deeper in our lives than might appear at first."

"Much unhappiness and misunderstanding in the home could be avoided if the wife would look into the real source of the trouble, which I have often found to be tired and aching feet and legs. Some of this sort of thing becomes so serious, after a while, that divorce appears to be the only solution."

"Take a typical case," Dr. Krausz continued. "A young couple marry. The wife probably left an office position, or came from a home where her duties were not overly arduous. Being young and most anxious to look well, she has taken care of her feet and legs—and she has worn properly, or at least stylishly, fitted shoes. If she was a business girl before marriage it was to her advantage to look trim and neat around the ankles and feet. If she was a home girl then it was just as important for her to always look her best to attract suitors."

"This girl marries and has a small home of her own. There is no longer competition and how her legs and ankles look in the privacy of her own home does not seem important to her. Her job as a wife, does not depend upon her appearance any more, at least not upon her appearance when working about her home alone during the day."

"Yet in doing this housework she is probably upon her feet more than she

realizes, and she is placing additional strain upon her feet and legs.

"Not only does she use her feet and legs more than she did before her marriage, but, in her new environment, she usually takes on weight, possibly an average of ten to twenty pounds. This may not seem much, but with the present-day slender figure, it will amount to a ten per cent increase in weight. That ten per cent increase is additional weight that her feet and legs must carry about. It is almost as if she lifted and carried about a pack weighing ten or twenty pounds all day long."

"Then, usually follows the fatal mistake. Being economical she can see no reason why in the privacy of her home she should not wear out her old shoes, shoes no longer presentable for the street or evening wear."

"These old shoes, she forgets, have outlived their usefulness both in looks and as shoes, for they offer no support to her feet and legs, and being misshapen and run-over at the heels, and what not else, they probably cause additional strains on muscles. The old shoes may even give her a false sense of comfort, but they are doing her no end of harm."

"Here she is, first, probably on her feet more hours per day than ever before, doing humdrum housework that



(Morning) The Erect, Alert Posture Which Results From Rested Feet and Leg Muscles.

(Noon) Afternoon, the Beginning of the Fatigue Slump Which Cuts Down Efficiency.

(Night) The Extreme Slump Comes From the Muscles Reaching the Limit of Endurance.

has little mental stimulus for her, like dancing or tennis would give her; secondly, she is carrying ten or more

Miss Alice Adair, Whose Legs Are Considered Among the Most Nearly Perfect on the Stage, Showing One of Her Exercises for Relieving Strain.

per cent more weight, and thirty, and most important, she is wearing old and worn-out shoes, shoes that give her feet no support, and which, because they are misshapen, throw the whole body out of balance. Muscles are strained, tension is put where there was no tension before, and there is a tiring and sense of strain often amounting to real pain.

"It is a well-known fact that tension in muscles, strain, or pain, in any part of the body, leads to irritability. Toward evening, the little housewife perks herself up for her husband, she probably puts on her best shoes to meet him, and thinks that she has made her home and herself attractive."

"She forgets one thing—she cannot perk up her brain that has suffered all day owing to the muscular strain on her feet and legs. She can put powder on her nose, she can dress in her finest, but that brain still suffers."

Hence she is hard to get along with, she is irritable. She is not herself. She quarrels with her puzzled husband when he comes home. Cursing her protesting feet—a most significant gesture—she but knows it after quarrels as they go to bed."

"The most trivial misunderstanding is magnified into a tremendous argument. She nags her husband, probably without knowing that she is doing it. The husband is tired after a day's work, and he, in turn, is in no frame of mind to argue."

"The domestic situation becomes more and more tense until divorce seems the only solution."

Court records abound with stories of homes broken up by nagging wives.

And the pathetic feature of such cases lies in the fact that the nagging wives themselves apparently did not realize the cause of the irritability that cost them their husbands' love.

"Much domestic discord," continues Dr. Krausz, "could be prevented in the very beginning if a new wife would wear her best-fitting, and probably most expensive shoes for housework."

"Or at least, if she paid as much attention to the shoes she wears about her home as to the shoes she wears to her bridge club."

"No wife would wear run-down, misshapen shoes to a tea or dance, yet she would probably be in a far better position to hold her husband if she wore her best shoes around the house, and her old shoes when she went out. Of course, the ideal situation is for her to pay as much attention to her feet and legs in the privacy of her home as she does when she attends the most exclusive social event."

"In these days of keen competition a job means a lot to many girls. Not only is it difficult to get one but it is equally difficult to hold one. It is an age of the survival of the efficient. A young girl came to me who had a very responsible position involving the handling of large sums of money for which she was accountable. She insisted on wearing shoes unfitted for her feet. The result was that undue stress was put on the muscles of her legs. This stress, while not exactly painful, was discomfort. The feeling of discomfort grew until it took her mind away from her work."

"Unable to give full mental concentration to her work, the girl was in constant fear of making an error which would not only result in the loss of her job but great financial loss as well. This added to her sorrows, and all together resulted in a mental condition that, in making her almost totally unfitted for her work. The proper treatment of her leg and foot muscles by the application of short wave currents and massage, followed by corrective strapping with advice as to the proper shoes, soon eliminated the trouble at its source."

A nervous breakdown was averted, and a girl saved.

"Every girl is style-conscious. She wants her feet and ankles to look as attractive as possible. Proper shoes are not necessarily shoes that are not stylish and good looking. There are reasons why a girl should not look stylish and trim, and still have shoes that give her the support her feet and leg muscles need. Proper shoes are not necessarily ugly shoes, as so many believe."

"After all is said and done, the feet and legs are essentially an engineering proposition, the foundation upon which the body is built. The bones and muscles are designed as if they had been worked out on a drawing-board by some clever engineer who figured out the stresses and strains. If a building is designed for a certain purpose, and the stresses and strains are worked out for that purpose, no engineer would attempt to use it for other purposes and add different and greater stresses than those of the original design without careful thought and consultation."

"The whole posture and well-being of the body depends upon the feet and legs. It is even a matter of more than health, it is also a mental proposition. Undue strains and strains on the feet and legs lead to discomfort, which discomfort manifests itself in worried and wrinkled looks upon the face."

"Truly, the saying that an athlete is only as good as his legs also goes for the housewife, the stenographer, chorus girl, and every woman."

"The average man and woman walks far more in a day than is supposed. We chiropractors made some tests by means of a device known as a pedometer. This accurately recorded the miles walked by people employed in a variety of occupations."

"Take the little stenographer, for example. The average girl walks a few blocks from her home to the subway in the morning, then a few blocks to her office, where she rides up in an elevator. At lunch she may walk

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Chesterfields are made of mild ripe tobaccos... rolled in pure cigarette paper... the best that money can buy.

*That's why Chesterfield's
milder better taste will
give you more pleasure.*

Weekly
Radio Features

LAWRENCE TIBBETT
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
PAUL WHITEMAN
DEEMS TAYLOR
PAUL DOUGLAS

The Tower of Babel

THE story of the Tower of Babel in the Bible exercises a perpetual fascination over the human mind. Modern Biblical scholars have pointed out that it was one of the crude primitive stories of the Old Testament, a garbled version of the building of one of the towers which were so numerous in ancient Babylonia, and which were used for astronomical and religious purposes.

The scholars have explained that the interesting details about the ambition of the builders to make the tower reach to heaven and the confusion of tongues which fell upon them and caused them to abandon their ambitious project were misstatements by ignorant and superstitious storytellers. The statement, for instance, that the builders were compelled to abandon the tower may be an echo of the fact that an earthquake damaged the real Tower of Babel in Babylon and interfered with its use, but they reject the miraculous confusion of tongues as set forth in the scriptural narrative.

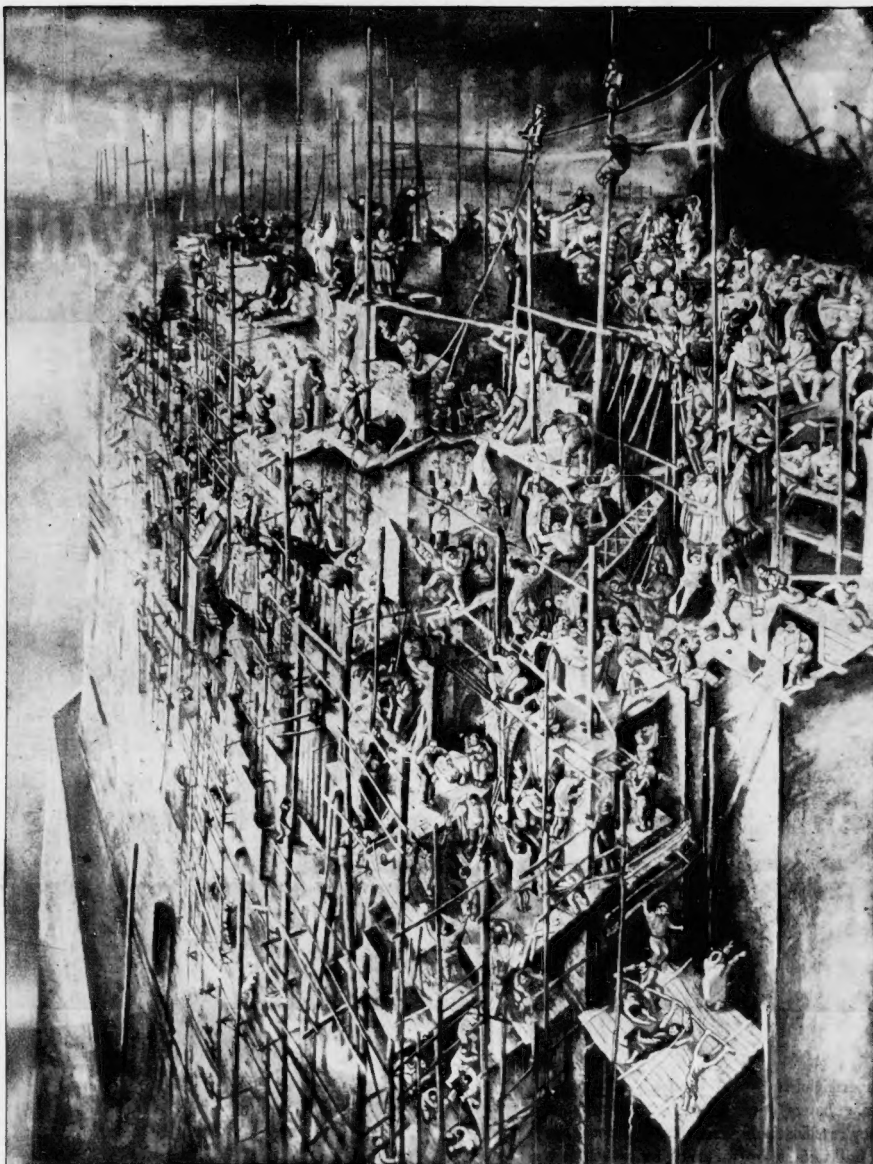
But these explanations have not lessened the interest of ordinary men in the Tower of Babel, or put an end to their habit of referring to it as a typical state of entanglement and confused talk. There is apparently something more in it than a superstitious old legend.

Does this interest in the Tower of Babel persist today because modern men perceive in it a symbol of the confusion and disaster into which our boasted civilization is falling? This is the view of the legend taken by Erhard Amadeus Dier, a distinguished Viennese painter, who was compelled to go to Geneva in Switzerland to recover from a serious automobile accident.

While he was there, he had a lot of time to think and a session of the League of Nations was being held at the Swiss city in which representative of the principal European powers met and strove to preserve the peace of the world.

They talked tremendously in different languages and it was evident to Mr. Dier that they did not understand one another fully and did not sympathize with one another's aims. In fact, the League of Nations was just another Tower of Babel, it seemed to the artist. Since then it has proved of little value as a means of averting major conflicts.

And so Mr. Dier conceived the design of representing the confusion and errors of modern civilization under the form of the old



Remarkable Painting by a Viennese Artist as a Warning to the Present Generation to Reform

there, or did not know what they were saying, or did not care.

Some of the men are doing splendid work, scientific, artistic, or other, but they are not working together for the good of humanity. This is, according to the artist, typical of our so-called civilization, which is overwhelmingly ambitious and is supposed to accomplish scientific miracles, but is really in a welter of confusion, misunderstanding, competition, selfishness and strife, while poverty, disease, war and famine go on unchecked, so that the world with all its science is in danger of relapsing into barbarism.

The number of figures in the picture is enormous, about 200. The scenes are often fantastic and hard to understand clearly, but there is no doubt of the general meaning. In one section of the tower differing religious leaders are preaching eloquently at the top of their voices without paying any attention to one another. Ignorant people are prostrating themselves before leaders of crazy new cults. Workmen are quarreling and pushing one another off the scaffolding of the tower.

A partially nude dancer is giving a performance while a great crowd of men are talking, shouting and feasting. Just what lesson does this convey as to the dangers that threaten civilization? Perhaps it means that men are wasting the fruits of labor on worthless things.

The idea that men are full of childish vanity and jealousy is strikingly brought out. The Americans are convinced that they are morally superior to all other nations, especially the French, and are shocked, if they ever get beyond the life of the Paris bars and boulevards, to find that the French consider them inferior and immoral. No nation has a rational understanding of another.

In short this is the proud structure of world civilization which the artist fears is in danger of collapse like the old Tower of Babel.

Men starve one another to death by irrational competition. They cheat one another in the mad struggle to gain perhaps a lot of money, perhaps a trifle.

A clever, ambitious Napoleon of business, devotes all his powers to amassing a fortune, ruining his competitors and oppressing many workmen in the process.

And why does he make this disastrous effort? Perhaps to hang a lot of pearls and diamonds on a frivolous woman. Perhaps—and these are the better cases—to accumulate a lot of art treasures.

The artist fears civilization is blundering to a greater disaster than the World War.

Striking Picture by Erhard Amadeus Dier, Using the Tower of Babel as a Symbol of Our Confused and Warring Age and Presenting Our Misguided Civilization of Various, Conflicting Quarreling Beliefs, Activities and Aims and Objects of the Modern World.

Tower of Babel. He has painted a colossal picture which shows the last and highest stages of the Tower of Babel when the ambitious builders were about to be stricken with a curse and a confusion of tongues and to be scattered. He spent three years making his picture.

This huge painting creates a strange impression that is hard to shake off. It is, in fact, intended to be a warning to the whole world. The figures are in most cases modern, but they create the effect of being oriental savage, or sometimes crazy. Many of the men shown are

talking eloquently without paying any attention to one another, either because they are speaking different languages, or do not care a rap for one another. Laborers go on laying bricks and walling up the towers into compartments as if they did not know they were



"Each Man Works According to His Own Ideas, Swearing by His Own Plan, Rejecting All Else. It Is the Same With World Religions, Whose Proclaimers Seek to Propound Only Their Own Theories, Heedless of the Greatest Good, and With Their Self-Centered Words Betray the Cause of Betterment."



"Noisy and Pompous Conferences Are Held All Over the World to Spread Empty and Unproductive Words."

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"Races and Ages Mingle With a Complete Lack of Mutual Understanding. Youth Always Wants to Thrust Age Aside, and Age, With Its Hate and Misfust of All Things New, Would Destroy Youth."

WHAT A THRILL! TO DRIVE A 1937, '36 OR '35 CAR WITH ALL THESE ADVANTAGES

**MORE MODERN
STYLING**

**SMOOTHER, MORE
POWERFUL ENGINE**

**ROOMIER
BODY**

**LUGGAGE
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**BETTER
BRAKES**

**QUIETER
GEARS**

**BETTER
GAS MILEAGE**

**DOZENS OF OTHER
IMPROVEMENTS**

**BIGGER
TIRES**

YESTERDAY saw the opening of National Used Car Exchange Week, and thousands of smart buyers "got there early." There's not the slightest doubt what they're telling their friends today: never has the owner of an old car had such an opportunity to switch to a better, more modern car for so little money!

Here are some of the reasons why it will pay you to buy now. The weather is in your favor because spring is just around the corner. Values are in your favor because dealers have an unusually wide selection of good used cars and they are co-operating in a nationwide sale to move them quickly. Prices are in your favor—way below those of a few months ago.

There's another big feature of this National Used Car Exchange Week. Many of the cars are 1937, 1936 and 1935 models with many important improvements brought out in the past few years. Many are covered by the finest kind of dealer guarantees.

What does your old car offer to compare with the desirable modern features listed at the top of this page? If the answer is "repair bills, sluggish performance, decreasing trade-in value, growing unreliability"—why hesitate any longer?

See the nearest automobile dealer as soon as you can—while the selection is greatest. Your present car may cover the down-payment—balance payable on easy terms. If you have no car to trade, you can still take advantage of the low down-payments and easy terms during this sale. Fine spring weather is just around the corner—**MEET IT WITH A BETTER CAR.**

SEE THE CLASSIFIED SECTION OF THIS NEWSPAPER
FOR NATIONAL USED CAR EXCHANGE WEEK BARGAINS

**NATIONAL USED CAR
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**SEE ANY
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MARCH 5 TO MARCH 12

**BRING IN YOUR OLD CAR
DRIVE OUT A BETTER CAR
EASY TERMS**

SPONSORED BY THE AUTOMOBILE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF THE UNITED STATES

Incredible Honeymoon of the Third Mrs. Laurel

"Those Wedding Bells Shall Not Ring Out!" Cried Her Comedian Husband's Wife No. 2 at the Marriage Ceremony, But They Did; Then She Picketed the Bridal Suite—and Finally Came the Mystery Night That Sent Illiana to the Hospital



Mr. Laurel's Funny Antics On the Screen Lately Have Become His Only Fun. For When He Isn't Being Professionally Funny, He's Being Privately Worried By the Complications Rising Out of His Three Marriages, Two Divorces and Trouble With a Lady Who Claimed She Was Really Mrs. Laurel The First.

"SHE YELLED, 'Bugsy!' at the wedding. She signed Mrs. Stan Laurel on the hotel register, right under my name, making it look as if my husband was staying there with two wives. She picketed the bridal chamber. She followed us around town, telling everyone we weren't decently married. She sent us terrible telegrams. She haunted the whole honeymoon, worse than any ghost!"

These are some of the fearful explanations given by the third Mrs. Stan Laurel for winding up her honeymoon the other day as a nervous prostration patient in a Los Angeles hospital. As plain for those prostrated nerves, the bride announced a suit for a quarter-million-dollar damages against the alleged honeymoon haunter. Say-faced comedian, Stan Laurel, the toll-free bridegroom, ailed for a court injunction restraining wife number two from butting into his bed, board, bride and other private affairs.

This lively two-wife honeymoon which the film comedian has found so disconcerting was brought about by the fact that Mrs. Laurel second and Mrs. Laurel third are equally positive that each is the only true, legal, exclusive, respectable and proper bride to be enjoying a honeymoon with Mr. Stan Laurel. And it's just been reported that the third Mrs. Laurel has gone to the hospital a second time with a "nervous breakdown," saying she was leaving him, while he sobbed: "I love her but I'm upset by her constant turmoil."

The situation grew out of an earlier almost equally unusual one, an earlier marriage to a perfect wife, Lois Neilson Laurel, movie actress, but he did not notice her perfection until it was too late to make anything but trouble for him, including this haunted honeymoon. After several years of married life, Lois had gotten an unexpected divorce from Stan together with possession of their Hollywood home, their daughter, some years old, and a trust fund of \$200,000. Mrs. Laurel was permitted to retain his health and his "pat" but these were all the conditions needed to accumulate another \$200,000.

"It was hard for us to part," explained Stan, at the time, "but somehow we got on each other's nerves and there didn't seem to be anything we could do about it."

"Mr. Laurel made this statement with the pleasant kind of confidence, but that is the only kind he has for all purposes. Lois went her way with a beamy smile, which might not have meant anything either, because all actresses go around that way. But for once an actor and actress were to be taken at their full face value. Later events proved that they meant their expressions 100%. Like bad marriages, there are sometimes bad divorces, and Stan had made one though he did not realize it until he married Virginia Ruth Laurel.



Mrs. Stan Laurel, Official Wife No. 1, Who Never Troubled the Comedian and to Whom He Hoped for Years He Could Be Reconciled.



Wife No. 2, Virginia Laurel, Who Still Insists Mr. Laurel Really Shouldn't Have Married the Third Time—and She Tried to Stop It.

rel, the lady who has just played the role of extra bride on the nervous honeymoon. Fate is certainly mean to Mr. Laurel, because it let him find another perfect wife but again faced things so that all he seemed to get from the second perfect wife was heartaches and headaches. A perfect wife should be "simply crazy" about her husband and, of course, Virginia was that way. Even at frequent intervals, to assure his bride that he is the happiest man in the world. The second Mrs. Laurel, having married the gloomiest yam in filmland, could hardly be blamed for asking that face over their first breakfast table if it was really happy.

If the report of how Stan replied to that query is true, then he must rate as one of the frankest men that ever got through a honeymoon alive. It's also charged he later put the awful truth in writing. Within a year of their marriage the second Mrs. Laurel, blazing with wrath, was suing for divorce on the ground of mental cruelty. Part of her evidence was a letter to her from Stan, saying:

"I don't think I could ever love again like I loved Lois. She killed all my illusions. I tried to get over it but I couldn't. I am unhappy even after all you've done to try to make me happy, so why chase rainbows? I feel kindly toward you and want to part good friends. There is no other woman in the case."

"What do you mean, no other woman in the case?" thought Virginia. "What could be worse than to be in love with a former wife?" The infuriated Virginia stopped chasing her rainbow but she collected the pot of golden alimony that is so often to be found at the foot of the marriage rainbow. Just before Christmas of 1936, she raked in \$750 a month al-

mony, \$9,000 counsel fees and \$2,000 more for miscellaneous wear and tear, together with an interlocking degree of divorce.

If Lois considered hers a good divorce, how much more pleased should Virginia be to rid herself of the comedian who had drenched their honeymoon in tears by confessing that he was thinking all ways of her predecessor. That is where we guessed wrong. Virginia's love for Stan was so strong that it survived that wrathful, love-starved honeymoon and it was only her pride which made her divorce him.

Here was as fine a situation for romantic drama as any playwright could ask. A man really in love with his own wife but blinded by memories of a previous perfect one. On the other side a wife passionately fond of her husband but divorcing and pretending to hate him because of her outraged pride. All that was needed to bring about a happy ending was for the first wife to make the scales fall from her ex-husband's eyes by doing something to show she was no longer so perfect. This would send him patiently back to perfection number two.

Pate did that very thing. Last year, before the divorce became final, friends of Stan and Virginia were pleased to learn of a grand reconciliation and the start of a second honeymoon, where the comedian would not give any wrong answers to a bride's queries and there would be no love-starvation. The following letter he wrote to Virginia gives some idea of how Lois had finally broken the spell which she had held on Stan. The letter said:



"When Lois divorced me it unbalanced me mentally and I made up my mind that I could not be happy any more. I met and married you in that frame of mind and the longer it went on the stronger it became. That's why I left you with the meanest idea I could take me back. After I left you I found definitely that she wouldn't. I then realized the terrible mistake that I had made. I do want to come back to you and start all over again. I want a little home with you and a baby."

That is where the story should have stopped but no, something wrecked that second honeymoon of the second Mrs. Laurel so that the next news was that she was suing to scrape some more alimony gold from that twice-complicated pot. Perhaps this was because just as her husband had erased the memories of his first wife, still another boned up from his past, claiming affection and many details of the gold. The lady who called herself "Mrs. Mae Laurel" said she had been Stan's vaudeville partner and common-law wife for six years.

Though the comedian denied her claims, they were strong enough to win her a grab at that pot which by this time Mr. Laurel had refilled enough so it yielded her a handsome bonus, if not



Illiana, the Russian Dancer Who Became Mrs. Stan Laurel No. 3, and Whose Troubles Started Immediately.



The Pensive Lady Who Bobbed Up During Mr. Laurel's First Marriage, Claiming She Was Mrs. Mae Laurel and Really Entitled to Wife No. 1 Rights.

quite so much as her demands of \$1,000 a month alimony, \$10,000 counsel fees and other financial plums. Would this wife, who, if counted, would run Mr. Laurel's spouses up to four, was what made Virginia lose her temper again, the clash was most unfortunate for her happiness.

Virginia naturally expected that after Stan had repented in sack cloth and ashes a sufficient while she would let him come back, be forgiven and take her on a third honeymoon which surely could be the real thing at last. Quite likely this would have come to pass and they would have lived happily ever after, except for one thing. Having just freed himself from his first wife's almost hypnotic spell, he was in a peculiarly susceptible condition of the affections and just then he walked into a Hollywood night club and met the Countess Vera Ivanova Shalvaiva, a Russian singer and dancer, known professionally as Illiana. Russians have always been famous as the most tragic and unhappy people in the world, so much so that many believe that they enjoy gloom.

In all Russia Illiana had never seen such a fascinatingly gloomy face as Stan's and she fell in love with it at first sight. Stan, at the moment, was almost as blue as he looked and later he had told the sympathetic Illiana for about the fifth time how much he

loved Virginia, suddenly found it was no longer true. The sad-faced comedian was now in love with the sad-eyed Russian.

Shortly after this discovery, on the last day of 1937, Mr. Laurel says that he inquired of the court and was officially informed that the final decree of divorce had been handed down. That very night, Stan, Illiana, with two friends, Countess Sonia, Belkovich and Roy Randolph, dance director, took the train for Yuma, Arizona's Greta Green where impatient lovers go to avoid the three-day delay of California's "gin-marriage law."

All the signs and portents indicated happiness at last for Stan and his third wife, or fourth if Mrs. Mae (Common-law) Laurel is counted. Illiana states that her fiancé voluntarily admitted she had made him the happiest man in the world, and she hadn't married him yet. The justice of the peace who was to marry them bore the name of Ed. Wynn, no relation to their friend, the comedian, but it was a merry coincidence and seemed just one more lucky omen.

It is doubtful if a human playwright would have been so mean as to smear that joyous situation the way fate did. Virginia had been waiting in Hollywood about long enough for Stan to come over, get forgiven and get going on that honeymoon from which she had twice been gypped. On the well-known theory that the best way to ruin a man or a woman is to chase you to run from him, Virginia started East in her car, very same day.

Just entering Arizona, she stopped to telephone one of her friends in Hollywood and ask what reaction if any Stan had made to her departure. The answer was so crushing that she had to be told three times and then she fainted. A divorced wife had wrecked the first honeymoon, a common-law wife messed up the second, and now a Russian night club dancer was about to strew her third honeymoon, husband and all.

The thought was unbearable. Coming out of the faint, she jumped into the driver's seat and headed for Yuma, sometimes slowing down to severity for villages and curves but, at that, the train beat her, in so that she reached Justice of the Peace Wynn's office just in time to hear the last syllables of the fatal words: "I pronounce you man and wife."

(Continued on Page 18)



He took his brewery with him

MAKE THIS TEST

DRINK Budweiser FOR FIVE DAYS.
ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK
A SWEET BEER • YOU WILL WANT
Budweiser's FLAVOR THEREAFTER.



In Bottles

In Cans

Order a carton for your home

The Emperor Charlemagne had to be a traveling man to build his empire. Although beer was already well established in Europe in 800 A.D., Charlemagne refused to experiment with local brews. He took his brewmaster with him... Today there is one beer known to travelers the world around. They know it to be always good. They know it to be always uniform. They know it is **BUDWEISER**.

NOTE FOR HOUSEWIVES: A glass of cold **BUDWEISER** is always a thoughtful compliment to a husband—especially in the evening. Has he ever expected it when there was none in the icebox? Check up on your supply. Keep a carton on hand—and several bottles or cans of **BUDWEISER** chilled and ready for instant serving...at unexpected as well as regular occasions.

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KING OF BOTTLED BEER

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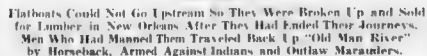
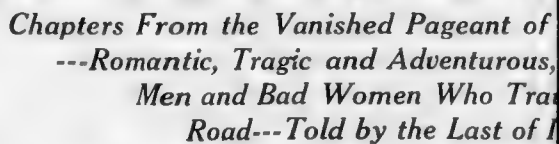
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(Continued From Last Sunday)

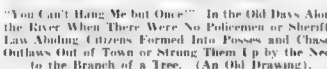
CHAPTER IX.

The sheriff had seen Mason several times, and was sure enough, when he opened the sack he recognized the head. Pretty soon a right smart crowd had gathered around to gaze at it, and just as the sheriff was fixing to send word to the Governor, somebody recognized Little Harpe. That's how they caught him. Not long after that they had him standing in the back end of a wagon, with a noose round his neck and the other end of the rope tied up in a tree, and a preacher by his side.

"Listen here," he said, pulling out a dueling pistol and cocking it, "you can't talk like that to



A Typical Settler Along the
River" in the



Big Harpe grinned
gan to look like the
sick

ed at his two women, who before breakfast had made them

By Capt. Louis Rosche

the Mississippi and Its Tributaries
the Heroines and Heroes, Bad
peeled the Historic Water-
ts Old-Time Captains



The Jolly Flatboatmen Used to Spend Most of Their Time Singing, Dancing and Drinking. No Work to Do Except Steering the Boat Until They Reached New Orleans.

"Where's that cow?" asked Mrs. Stegall, who was a slender woman and didn't often lose visitors. They do," said Big Harpe, right soberly. At first Mrs. Stegall couldn't make out just what he meant. Then all at once she turned white. She jumped up and ran out to the cattle and took a look at the cow. She started screaming. The boys, with the rifle in one hand and the pillow in the other, pulled her back.

Williams, who had been running but didn't want to get out of the cabin, saw Big Harpe's look and turned around and ran down to the spring to get the girls out of sight, so they wouldn't be killed too.

But the Harpes left the cabin to the house, and by the time Williams had found Moss Stegall and got back with him, the Harpes had moved to the ground.

Also, it was the next day, a posse to catch the Stegalls and the rest of the Harpes. They were in the woods, and the posse, with the Harpes, was a race, too. Up hill and down hill, and through ravines, over the roughest kind of country. But he kept right behind him for about eight miles, and at last he got close enough to take a pot shot at him, hitting him in the shoulder and knowing him slap-bang off his horse. Head over heels, he went the breath knocked clean out of him.

When the rest of the posse caught up with them, Leper had that cutthroat propped up against a tree, with the muzzle of a gun in his face, making him tell about his crimes.

There were so many of them Big Harpe couldn't remember every one, but he told about all he could think of, and kept cursing all the time and saying he wasn't sorry for a thing he ever did. He told about killing his own children, fast as they were born. They bothered him by crying, and it was too much trouble to tote them around all the time. Some of them he strangled and some of them he killed by battering their brains out against rocks.

The other men wanted to get all they could out of him, but Stegall wouldn't wait, and I don't see how anybody could blame him.

"That's enough," he said, as he snatched up Harpe's knife, when Leper had taken away from him.

Catching hold of Big Harpe's hair, Stegall

pulled the murder-er's head back and began to saw him across the throat, cutting to the bone. Big Harpe twisted his face around and stared up at him.

"You're a rough butcher," he growled, "but cut away, and be damned to you."

Stegall crossed the cut-throat, but didn't slit his neck, for he was still a big. He kept hacking until he cut Harpe's head off, then he stuck it in the fork of a tree. Later on, when a public road was cut through that place, they called it Harpe's Head Road.

The Harpes were caught riding at the foot of a cliff where the all was bad. They told everything they knew about those two old devils, and when they were up with them, they didn't have any idea the kind of brutes they were.

Later on they were so scared of them they didn't dare run away because the cutthroats would follow them and kill them, maybe kill all their relatives. So nothing was done to them. They were just sent on back where they came from.

As I said, Little Harpe outrode the posse and made a clean get-away. He kept on riding his horse for all it was worth until at last it just crumpled up under him. Then he tramped on through the wilderness on foot, heading for the Mississippi.

A few nights later he ran across a hunter's cabin, and peeping through the window, he saw a trapper just about to sit down to a meal of venison.

So he walked right in, just like the place belonged to him. The trapper was a little surprised by that, but he asked the stranger to have some supper. Little Harpe ate all he could hold, and then looked around and said the place looked pretty good to him so he reckoned he'd stay all night.



"When the Rest of the Posse Caught Up With Them, Leper Had That Cutthroat Harpe Propped Up Against a Tree, With the Muzzle of a Gun in His Face, Making Him Tell About His Crimes. But Stegall Wouldn't Wait. He Snatched Up Big Harpe's Knife From Leper and, Catching Hold of Harpe's Hair, Pulled His Head Back and Began to Saw Him Across the Throat. Big Harpe Twisted His Face Around and Stared Up at Him.

"You're a Rough Butcher," He Growled, "But Cut Away, and Be Damned to You."

your chance, because I'm Little Harpe, and one of us is going to do right now. The trapper kicked over the table and got hold of his own knife. Then they went for each other and for a while it was up and down. Pretty soon they were down on the floor, rolling over and over, first one on top and then the other, and each one of them, trying to hold off the other's knife hand, by the wrist. But at last Little Harpe got his hand loose and sent his knife down into the trapper's back. Then he kicked the body out of the way, threw himself down on the trapper's bunk and slept until the sun came up. Cooking up what was left of the venison, he polished it off with the trapper's body lying right out there in front of him, and then set fire to the cabin and went on down to Natchez, where he met up with Tom Mason, as I have already told about.

But there's no need to feel sorry for Mason because Little Harpe cut his head off. Mason was an A-number-one cutthroat himself, and had been one of Wilson's pirates that hung out in Cave-In-Rock that I have written about.

After Wilson was killed and his gang broken up, Mason went on down the Mississippi and got himself together a gang of his own. I reckon he was a good deal like some of these gangsters you hear about nowadays, who always want to read

about themselves in the papers. But newspapers were hard to get because there wasn't many of them, so Mason used to hang out on the trails in the Natchez country, and wait for him. I. Swaney, the mail carrier to come along. He never took any letters away from Swaney because at those days people didn't often send money through the mails. It wasn't safe. And I don't know if Mason could read anyhow. But Mason would make Swaney sit down and look through any newspapers the mail carrier had just come. The name was mentioned, and then he'd make Swaney tell him what everybody was saying about him.

Mason and his outfit knew every foot of it in that part of the country, and every place where anybody was liable to camp, and just the mention of his name was enough to make little children start running to hide. But there were plenty of grown men who were mighty scared of him, too.

One time a party of boatmen were on their way back to Memphis, and one of them was a strapping big fellow from Kentucky, over six feet tall. They camped at a place called Gum Springs and, after eating supper, they started putting out pickets because they figured Mason and his gang might be trailing them.

They were right about that, but they sure were

(Continued on Page 18)

What Slightly Goofy Geniuses Are Inventing?

Newest Gadgets for
Lighting Cigarettes by
Water Power, Keeping
Your Ear to the
Ground, Shushing
Theater Chatterers
and Traveling In Ways
You Never Even Had
a Nightmare About



A Hand-Propelled Tricycle Which Would Provide a Relief From the Monotony of Riding Automobiles

WAS THERE EVER A TIME when a man was in the Eighteen Nineties according to the records of the U. S. Patent Office, inventors began to invent such goofy gadgets as the hand-propelled tricycle, the water-powered cigarette lighter, the ear-to-the-ground device, the shushing theater chatterer, and the traveling in ways you never even had a nightmare about.

Scientists and practical geniuses of all generations have been inventing such things as the hand-propelled tricycle, the water-powered cigarette lighter, the ear-to-the-ground device, the shushing theater chatterer, and the traveling in ways you never even had a nightmare about.

The hand-propelled tricycle is a device which would provide a relief from the monotony of riding automobiles. It is a simple device which can be used by anyone who is able to ride a bicycle.

The water-powered cigarette lighter is a device which would provide a relief from the monotony of lighting cigarettes. It is a simple device which can be used by anyone who is able to light a cigarette.

The ear-to-the-ground device is a device which would provide a relief from the monotony of listening to the ground. It is a simple device which can be used by anyone who is able to listen to the ground.

The shushing theater chatterer is a device which would provide a relief from the monotony of shushing theater chatterers. It is a simple device which can be used by anyone who is able to shush theater chatterers.

The traveling in ways you never even had a nightmare about is a device which would provide a relief from the monotony of traveling in ways you never even had a nightmare about. It is a simple device which can be used by anyone who is able to travel in ways you never even had a nightmare about.

The device consists of a small shelf which can be used by anyone who is able to use it. It is a simple device which can be used by anyone who is able to use it.



The Hydraulic Cigarette Lighter by Which Water (A) Is Poured on Sponge (B) Opens Trap (C), Liberating Moisture (D) Which Leaps to Puddle (E); Puncturing Balloon (F); Hoisting Match Box (G); Squaring Penny Wheel (H); Against Which Match (I), Is Struck, But If It Doesn't Work, Hand (K) Is Conveniently Holding a Match Which Can Be Struck in the Usual Manner



Special Polishing Brush for Use on the Smooth Surface of Bald Headed Men

For months thereafter the Professor continued to invent such things as the hand-propelled tricycle, the water-powered cigarette lighter, the ear-to-the-ground device, the shushing theater chatterer, and the traveling in ways you never even had a nightmare about.

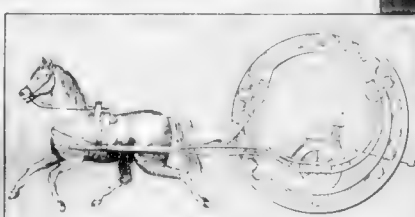
The hand-propelled tricycle is a device which would provide a relief from the monotony of riding automobiles. It is a simple device which can be used by anyone who is able to ride a bicycle.

The water-powered cigarette lighter is a device which would provide a relief from the monotony of lighting cigarettes. It is a simple device which can be used by anyone who is able to light a cigarette.

The ear-to-the-ground device is a device which would provide a relief from the monotony of listening to the ground. It is a simple device which can be used by anyone who is able to listen to the ground.

The shushing theater chatterer is a device which would provide a relief from the monotony of shushing theater chatterers. It is a simple device which can be used by anyone who is able to shush theater chatterers.

The traveling in ways you never even had a nightmare about is a device which would provide a relief from the monotony of traveling in ways you never even had a nightmare about. It is a simple device which can be used by anyone who is able to travel in ways you never even had a nightmare about.



For Those Who Think the Horse Has Come to Stay The One Wheeled Sulk Has Churn and Sizzle



In the Movies or Theater You Can Hear What the Actors and Not the Audience, Are Saying If You Wear Ear Horns, Which Automatically Shut off Idle Conversation

The device consists of a small shelf which can be used by anyone who is able to use it. It is a simple device which can be used by anyone who is able to use it.

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Hands Invention for Persons Who Want to Keep Their Ears to the Ground. This Device Tells Some Good and Up to the Ear

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THE Biggest



KRE-MEL is one of America's most popular desserts. It has taste appeal, cents appeal and health appeal. It takes five minutes to make. It comes in four tempting flavors. Each package serves four people. It is important to remember that Kre-Mel is—

Rich in Dextrose!

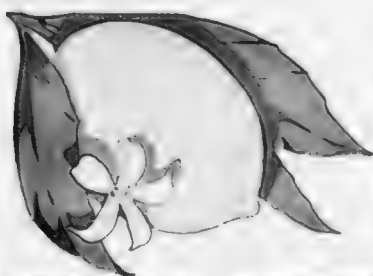
Dextrose is a sugar which is so important to the energy of your body that doctors call Dextrose "muscle" sugar. It is the "fuel" of the body...which provides material for energy, relieves fatigue and sustains activity.

Obviously, when you enjoy Kre-Mel you provide your body with a vital substance for energy...DEXTROSE. That's why Kre-Mel is so different, so much better for you and your family.

4 DELICIOUS
FLAVORS

Chocolate • Vanillin
Caramel • Lemon (pie filling)





Sunkist presents - THE YEAR'S BEST LEMON RECIPES



THESE 6 AND 5 OTHER PRIZE RECIPES SENT WITH NEW LEMON RECIPE BOOKLET

Here they are—the winners in Sunkist's year-round search for the best new lemon recipes! With five others not illustrated here, they are presented just in time to add zest to your menus. Sponsors of some of your favorite food products created these inviting dishes. They have kindly permitted Sunkist to bring you the complete collection.

The three desserts have the full, refreshing tang of fresh lemon juice. In others, lemon is used as a gay garnish and to *bring out the flavor* of other ingredients.

Sunkist Lemons are clean-skinned and juicy—California's finest. They supply vitamins B and C, help to maintain the alkaline

balance, stimulate appetite and aid digestion. Look for "Sunkist" on the tissue wrapper.

FREE—NEW LEMON RECIPES

Read the descriptions in the next column. Then mail the coupon immediately for your leaflet of "The Year's Best Lemon Recipes for 1938." You will also be sent Sunkist's newest recipe booklet, "Lemons Bring Out the Flavor," containing old favorites and scores of original ideas. Both are free.

LISTEN IN—SUNKISTIME... 7:30 A.M.—W.FBR, Baltimore; W.F.F., Boston; W.K.B.W., Buffalo; W.G.N., Chicago; W.C.Y., Cincinnati; W.H.K., Cleveland; C.K.I.W., Detroit; W.C.A.E., Pittsburgh; W.W.K., St. Louis; 6:30-7:15 A.M.—W.O.R., Newark; 11:15 to 12 M.—W.C.A.V., Philadelphia, featuring Bill Goodwin & Ken Carpenter.

DAINTY LEMON LAYER CAKE

Recipe by Edith M. Berber for Sunkist
*Made with lemon so sweet and juicy, this cake is light in texture and in color. Both filling and icing are lemon.

FRIED OYSTERS WITH LEMON

Recipe by Edith M. Berber for Sunkist
*American's Lemon supplies the delicious tang to this oyster recipe.

LEMON CREAM

Recipe by Fern L. Miller for Foodways B.
*Sales Corporation • Lemon juice gives a delicious tang to this cream dessert from top milk or milk and coffee.

SUNKIST SPINACH

Recipe by Fern L. Miller for Foodways B.
*Lemon juice gives a delicious tang to this spinach recipe.

LEMON CHIFFON PIE

Recipe by Fern L. Miller for Foodways B.
*Lemon juice gives a delicious tang to this chiffon pie.

LEMON CHEESE RING

Recipe by Fern L. Miller for Foodways B.
*Philadelphia Cream Cheese is beaten into a lemon gelatin mixture containing crisp, grated vegetables and carrots.

SUNKIST LEMONS

bring out the Flavor

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 1703, Sunkist Building, Los Angeles, California

Send FREE leaflet of "The Year's Best Lemon Recipes for 1938" and new recipe booklet, "Lemons Bring Out the Flavor"

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FREE BOOK about funeral costs and practices

Funeral costs for the average family in 1934 are estimated at \$1,000. This book, "What to Do and How to Do It," gives you the facts about funeral practices and costs. It is a complete guide to the funeral business, and is a must for every family. It is available free of charge to all who request it. Write to: The American Weekly, Inc., 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.



BAUME "Ben-Gay" ACTS FAST WHERE YOU HURT

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. You will find an unending stream of thrilling narratives in this great magazine!



"OLD MAN RIVER" By Captain Louis Rosche

(Continued from Double Page)

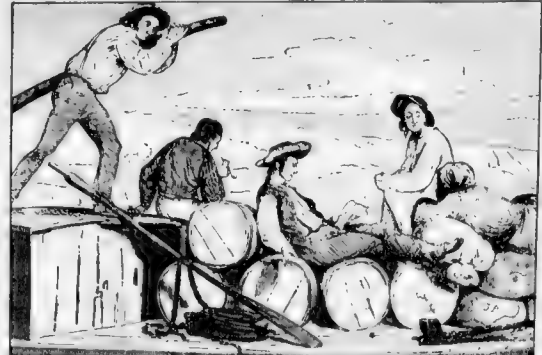
surprised when they found out how close on the trail those outlaws were. They found that when one of the hunters stepped into the tall grass down in a ravine, the rubber set out a yell and that just about scared the day out of the pocket. He shot off his gun and then threw it down because a man can't make much time thrashing through a canebrake with a gun, and he could think about as well as away from there.

When the other hunters heard the shot off they felt the same way. The big Kentucky had no time to take off his pocket, he left them lying where they were and hid out in his shirt tail. The others carried off everything they had and ran for it. Nobody came. Those pants on the next morning when the two warriors came along they were still lying there. The outlaws were still in the area, but what had happened was not so serious as it seemed. The outlaws were still in the area, but what had happened was not so serious as it seemed.

The boatmen were hiding up at the river bank and when they heard the shot they came to the camp. Every body was aching at the big Kentucky's cry. It was a long time before they could get away from the camp. The outlaws were still in the area, but what had happened was not so serious as it seemed.

Not long after that a rich planter from Kentucky named Colonel Baker was on his way back from New Orleans after selling several keelboats loaded with stuff he had raised on his plantation. The planter had heard about the rubbers that hung out on those rivers and he had a little of that in his head. He had four men with him, all on fat horses and a pack of mules carrying supplies and bags of gold.

The outlaws had both banks covered. They waited and the horses and mules were in the water, with their heads down. Then they came on the Colonel and there wasn't a thing he could do but surrender. But he was a man of his word and after traveling forty miles to Gamblers' Ford the nearest settlement, he decided to catch Maum. He studied the



Life on a keelboat was pretty easy when the winds were favorable. There wasn't much to do except snip stars and tell "tall" tales. An Old Print, by Courtesy of the New York Public Library.

He made his party live off of cold grub as long as he could. He was a man of his word and after traveling forty miles to Gamblers' Ford the nearest settlement, he decided to catch Maum. He studied the

His men could get a while with very little water, but his horses and his mules couldn't. That was a big Maum caught him. One of Maum's men had seen the Colonel's outfit and he had a little of that in his head. He had four men with him, all on fat horses and a pack of mules carrying supplies and bags of gold.

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A story in fact of an old-fashioned man named Mr. Mc... there had been some kind of war...

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ing his right hand on his hip so that the pocket paped open more than ever. Four or five people brushed past him and all of them could see the pocketbook.

Quite a bunch had gathered round the man, and all of a sudden somebody let out an awful howl. "Murder! Murder! Let go!" The man with the open pocket glanced round with an evil grin on his face, and there stood a man, who had a gun in his hand, and a pocket up to the wrist. But the pocket was shut now and the pocketbook was waiting for its owner to get it.

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BE THE WEIGHT YOU WISH

I WENT TO 120

SEE TRIAL BELOW

FOR men, women, and children, the most effective method of losing weight is by using the "Lardol" diet. It is a complete guide to the diet business, and is a must for every family. It is available free of charge to all who request it. Write to: The American Weekly, Inc., 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

STARDOM'S HOLLYWOOD DIET

LOSE 10 POUNDS IN 10 DAYS

LOSE 10 POUNDS IN 10 DAYS

LOSE 10 POUNDS IN 10 DAYS

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See Your Child's Doctor—

Before giving an unknown remedy or medicine to take

Before giving an unknown remedy or medicine to take

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Incredible Honeymoon of the Third Mrs. Laurel

(Continued from Page 1)

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(DON'T PARE CORNS)

Corns come back Bigger, Uglier

unless removed Root and All

WHEN you pare a corn you only affect the surface. The root remains and the corn will grow back bigger and uglier than before.

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PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

18



"OLD MAN RIVER"

Another Chapter of Life on the Mississippi and Its Tributaries in Pioneer Days, by Captain Louis Rosche, Last of the Old Time River Captains. Do Not Miss This Exciting Installment Next Sunday.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY PLASTERS

REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

HIS FACE WAS A SIGHT!

SO RUUGH AND PIMPLY, DAD

NOT LONG AFTER

AND DON'T FORGET! KEEP RIGHT ON USING CUTICURA SOAP AND OILMENT TILL YOUR DAY TO HELP GUARD THAT GOOD-LOOKING COMPLEXION

Scandalous Graham and the Black King

A humorous incident which climaxed a miserable evening during the author's wandering in the Australian outback.

By Ion L. Idriess, Australia's Most Popular Writer.



A Freedom-Fighter, Pickett Face Glared Up. "My heavens!" Gasped the Policeman. "What's that?"

THEY'D all been laughing at me when I was first arrested. I was a young man, a student at the University of Sydney, and I had been arrested for the first time in my life. I was a student at the University of Sydney, and I had been arrested for the first time in my life. I was a student at the University of Sydney, and I had been arrested for the first time in my life.

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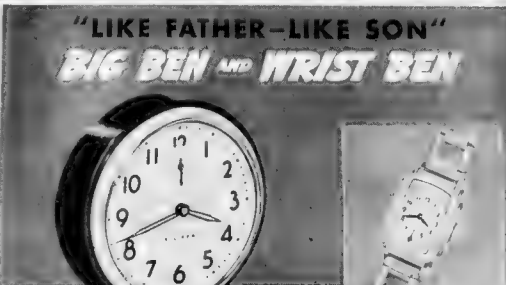
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Missing Relatives

About 100,000 people have been missing since the outbreak of the war. The missing are the most interesting group of people in the world. They are the people who have been missing since the outbreak of the war.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY has the greatest circulation in the world because it's the most interesting magazine on earth.



Big Ben gives you all these 8 advantages

1. Precision Construction
2. Outstanding Protection
3. Factory Tested
4. Inner Body Case
5. Easy Winding Keys
6. Full Cushioned Base
7. Beautiful, Practical Design
8. Long Life

WESTCLOX Makers of Big Ben and his family of clocks and watches—Proud from \$1.25 to \$6.95

It's Glorious when a Drowsy Mouth wakes up!

Fight Acid

WHEN YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH!

THE most common cause of tooth decay is acid. Acid is produced in the mouth when food is eaten. Acid is produced in the mouth when food is eaten. Acid is produced in the mouth when food is eaten.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPECIAL OFFER

At your drugstore, while offer lasts, get a large size tube of Squibb Acid-Neutralizing Dental Cream for only 90¢. NOTE: Choice of 4 popular types of toothbrushes.



SQUIBB Acid-Neutralizing Dental Cream

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

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New Household Specialties

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THESE last few months seem to have been particularly plentiful with the development of new small appliances and devices to interest the housewife. Kitchen, bathroom and all round the house, there are gadgets which gladden the particular and fastidious housewife and the one constantly on the alert to discover new tools for the familiar old household tasks.

Practically every room has a table of some sort and size. But a table which will be suitable in every room, and which is portable and easily carried wherever one wishes, is indeed a boon in light furniture. Such an all-purpose light-weight table-rack is fitted to a supporting standard. It is turn balanced by two flat legs pivoted at the two sides of a triangle. Thus, the legs, when extended, meet steadily and adequately support the table which can be raised, lowered or tilted as convenient.

Much resembling the adjustable drawing-board, familiar and necessary to the artist and draftsman, this table serves comfort and luxury for the one who finds relaxation in card games, checkers or the latest jig puzzle. Finished in several attractive colors to harmonize with prevailing decorative color schemes, the table offers much "extra space" for many occasions. And since one of its chief virtues is a rapid folding up or down, umbrella fashion, it requires practically no space when not in use.

Of course, in the sick room it

affords a tray-table more goodly than most such furniture. So, if Tommy or Patty are so unfortunate as to be sick this spring, with most of the children, this adjustable table will mean added comfort in eating and bed games.

Still thinking of rooms, many housewives will like to know that the carpet-sweeper of new design and compact size is still useful in light cleaning, picking up lint, crumbs and the daily dust which does not require a vacuum's heavier services. These sweepers have "gone modern," and every woman doing work on two floors knows it to be a good step-saving plan to provide a sweeper on the bedroom floor as well as for downstairs.

Rubber bumper to prevent furniture run-ins, drop-flat table which requires minimum space, and an automatic brush control which permits automatic adjustment to carpets and rugs with naps and pile height, etc., are other advantages of the new sweepers. These cleaners are quite in the decorative class.

Entering the bathroom, we find that there has been a marked improvement in the familiar bathtub mat, and that some head-work has been done, making such mats non-slip in the heat way. If insurance authorities claim that a large proportion of deaths result from a simple thing as slipping on getting out of the tub, something drastic should be done to prevent these senseless accidents. And these new mats do! The under side of the heavy rubber is finished with a plaid or tread which adds to the anti-slipping features. Besides, the mat has from 20 to 30 specially painted double vacuum cups on the under side, and these act after the manner of octopus tentacles, as they tightly adhere to the bathtub bottom or the floor. When stepped on, the vacuum principle gets into action and the mat stays flat and hugs the wet surface, instead of slipping and causing injury. Through said, especially when the mats are durable and pleasingly colored.

It is for the joint purposes of dining-room and kitchen, however, that most of the new gadgets are designed. Beginning with the dining-room, one of the newest is a small glass butter-dish and tray, made especially to hold a single 4-ounce pint of butter. To the kitchenette housekeeper, or for the small family refrigerator, this novelty is a boon in that it serves two purposes. It holds the butter bar odor-proof while in the refrigerator, and it is designed to be carried onto the table as well.

It thus makes for economy and convenience, as now the bar of butter is laid on this little server, it need never be handled again until all used up. Also, the server, when kept over the butter in the refrigerator, becomes so chilled that it keeps the butter cool while on the dining-table, an important point in the melting months of July and August.

Accompanying the dish is an ingenious wire cutter which may be laid on the bar and with one stroke divide the bar into 18 individual butter pats or slices. The novelty comes in glass, in either a modern or a Colonial design.

Toasters, in themselves, are not a new story, but in this a new one, the hostess is enabled to make four slices at a time. What a grand idea, so that no one will have to wait for his slice and each one of the four average family members may have a simultaneous piece of toast. And for supper-buffet and the gang-walkers type of party, what more could be wished, than a great streamlined four-cylinder toaster that can take it.

Toast and coffee are natural pals, and one can hardly say "toast" without instantly adding "coffee" and plenty of it. So, when there came to the writer a fine improvement on the familiar glass-bowl percolator coffee-maker, everyone said "hooray." Because the writer is especially coffee-conscious, and, anyway, a fine coffee-maker and server this deserves close attention.

This coffee-brewer, shall we say it, looks like the popular glass machine seen in every drugstore, but the bowl is mounted on a handsome metal urn reminiscent of days when silver coffee and tea urns graced the breakfast tables of the Stuehne. But aside from the handsome appearance which makes it an accessory to please the most particular, this machine thinks for you! That is, it is entirely automatic, and from the moment when you place the required amount of water and coffee in it and insert the connecting cord in an electric socket, you forget to BREW. It helps calibrate the water and coffee have "perked" the sufficient and

necessary time, the pot turns itself off and that's all. You need never stir it nor watch it, as it can't boil over behind your back. No, this is just another step forward in the development of a mechanical maid: Made in sizes to hold 8 to 10 cups, this coffee-maker would prove a good gift for any occasion.

We've mentioned toast, coffee, and now what next? Why, bacon, of course. And this about-to-be-mentioned gadget is about as unusual and as sensible as one may find in a day's journey. It sounds like a conundrum: "What is it that looks like a trout, has a little meat running around it, but sits on the stove?" Answer: The newest of bacon-bakers.

You'll have to see it to understand it, but here's the very sensible idea which I am sure more men thought up for the benefit of womankind: This bacon-baker or grill dish looks like a small metal tent set up in the center of a small extension or griddle, and there is a broad trough extending all around for the grease to nicely trickle into while the bacon is cooking. But, best of all, and most tricky in this idea, you lay the long bacon strips laid on the oven racks by means of a small clip. The meat roasting thermometer is like a giant fever thermometer

with a sharp tip to be inserted in the cooking roast. As the heat increases, the thermal gauge indicates whether the meat is rare, medium or well done, so no excuse for the over-done or under-done roast with this in the

kitchen. These modern days, other novelties which have recently been received for testing, will also be of interest to describe to readers, but space and time make it necessary to hold these over for another article.

So the up-to-date housewife is urged to browse around in the shops and to "take stock" of the fascinating new devices which make cooking and housework so much easier, even for beginners.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann



MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prunes, Whole Grain Cereal, Baked Bacon, Rice Cakes with Syrup, Milk or Coffee.	Breakfast Apples Baked in Pineapple Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Individual Eggs, Dried Beef, Delicate Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Grapes or Bananas, Cereal, Individual Eggs, Omelette, Mellé Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Canned Peaches, Cereal, Individual Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Canned Corn Pancakes, Syrup, Milk or Coffee.	Breakfast Grapes, Cereal, Individual Eggs, Toasted Muffins or Rolls, Marmalade.
Luncheon Scrambled Eggs with Mushrooms on Toast, Stuffed Beef, Salad on Lettuce, Cold Dressing, Baked Potatoes, Peach Fruit Cakes.	Luncheon Scrambled Eggs with Mushrooms on Toast, Stuffed Beef, Salad on Lettuce, Cold Dressing, Baked Potatoes, Peach Fruit Cakes.	Luncheon Tomato Juice, Creamed Potatoes, Individual Pork Potatoes, Raw Cauliflower Salad, Cranberry Cakes, Cakes with Rhubarb and Tofu.	Luncheon Creamed Potatoes, Individual Pork Potatoes, Raw Cauliflower Salad, Cranberry Cakes, Cakes with Rhubarb and Tofu.	Luncheon (Company) Bullabaisse, Toast, Parsnips, Green Salad, Apple Sauce, Peaches Baked in Cider, Cakes with Fruit Topping.	Luncheon Canned Corn, Cereal, Toasted Muffins or Rolls, Marmalade.	Luncheon Credentia, Cocktail, Sauté of Mutton with Current Must Sauce, Mashed Potatoes with Potatoes, Buttered Breadcrumbs, Breadcrumbs, Carrot and Celery Salad, Liquor.
Dinner Cold Bouillon, Veal Loaf with Apples, Green Peas with Dried Carrots, Spinach, Orange Charlotte.	Dinner Black Bean Soup, Julienne Style, Spaghetti, Green Beans, Dried Carrots, Spinach, Orange Charlotte.	Dinner Huevos Rancheros, Steamed Rice, Tomato Potatoes, Chopped Cabbage Salad, Cherry Dressing, Lemon Meringue Hard Sauce.	Dinner Tropical Cocktail, Lentils with Potatoes, Canned Potatoes, Baked Potatoes, Raw Cauliflower Salad, Apple Roll with Hard Sauce.	Dinner Orange and Lemonade Cup, Baked Fish, Potato Puffs, Green String Beans, Red Beans or Spinach with Lemon, Hot Chocolate, Cup Cakes with Fruit Must Sauce.	Dinner Green Bean or Sausages, Sweet Potatoes, Tea Mince, Cabbage or Spinach Timbales, Sauté of Apples and Raisins, Red Cherry Pudding.	Dinner Credentia, Cocktail, Sauté of Mutton with Current Must Sauce, Mashed Potatoes with Potatoes, Buttered Breadcrumbs, Breadcrumbs, Carrot and Celery Salad, Liquor.

term of new types come out daily. A flat and simple circular oven thermometer is handy and accurate when laid on the oven racks by means of a small clip. The meat roasting thermometer is like a giant fever thermometer

with a sharp tip to be inserted in the cooking roast. As the heat increases, the thermal gauge indicates whether the meat is rare, medium or well done, so no excuse for the over-done or under-done roast with this in the

kitchen. These modern days, other novelties which have recently been received for testing, will also be of interest to describe to readers, but space and time make it necessary to hold these over for another article.

So the up-to-date housewife is urged to browse around in the shops and to "take stock" of the fascinating new devices which make cooking and housework so much easier, even for beginners.

She's holding her husband back with those

DISHPAN HANDS



Have lovely hands . . . for dishes

It's cruel—but people do judge a woman's social status by such things as "dishpan hands." After all, no woman need have them, no matter how much work she does. Lux in your dishpan will keep your hands soft, lovely. Lux has no harmful alkali—doesn't dry the skin. Use the economical big box!

John's Doctor Saved His Job



John, old man, the boss is yelling for that report

I got more uncomfortable every day. Can't work—can't even speak civilly.

Oh, I know, I let me work, won't you!

Well, that's the way it is, Doc. Now I'll be losing my job.

These troubles—especially after 40—are always aggravated by harsh bath room tissue—some times caused by it.

Take a look at the bathroom paper we've been using. It's full of rough spots and splinters.

Why, John, Belden, what in the world are you doing?

I've been using Eye-Gene.

Now, see this. After what the doctor told me, I stopped and bought this tissue.

Soft-weve Waldorf did you say? Well, it surely is softer.

Later, Doc, you sure corrected my trouble—saved my job for me.

Make the "Light Test" and see why "Soft-weve" Waldorf is softer, safer.

5¢ WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TISSUE.

Corns Lift Right Out!

FREEZONE does it! Puts the corn to sleep—deletes pain—and in a few days makes it so loose in its bed of flesh that it lifts right out! No more corns, no more pain! The Eye-Gene helps calibrate the water and coffee have "perked" the sufficient and

FREEZONE



CANNED SALMON SALE

now at your grocer's



Hokey! Salmon entrees save enough money for extra courses

Lead Grape Juice
Green Split Pea Soup
Crackers, Buttered and Toasted
Salmon Muffins, Glazed Pineapple Slices
Canned Corn and String Beans Heated Together
Wholewheat Bread
Jellied Tomato Salad with Dressing
(Canned tomatoes highly seasoned, with gelatin added)
Sponge Cake with Orange Sauce
(or White Nut Cake with 7-Minute Icing)
Coffee

*These extra treats you can enjoy because the salmon entrees are so thrifty

LET Carolyn Evans EXPLAIN IT...



New Lenten main dishes... so good huddies simply gobble 'em up! So easy to make you'll want to serve them often. So low in cost your dinner money can spread to extra courses.

And the health values they bring you! Protein for one. The number one job of any entree is to supply the protein needed to restore bodily tissues. And Canned Salmon furnishes protein in greater abundance than almost any other commonly

served food! Plus all the other nutritional benefits shown below.

The big Canned Salmon Lenten Sale is on at your food store right now. Lay in a good supply at thrifty prices... and enjoy these marvelous new Salmon entrees often! Other easy Canned Salmon recipes and money-stretching menu suggestions are contained in a free booklet. Write: Canned Salmon Industry, Dept. W, 1140 Exchange Building, Seattle, Washington.

Our greatest food from the Sea!



LIKE MEAT Canned Salmon is a great "foundation food," one of the foods essential for child growth, adult health.
LIKE MILK Canned Salmon is rich in calcium and phosphorus, builders of strong bones, sound teeth.
LIKE SUNSHINE Canned Salmon gives you vitamin D, one of its best natural food sources. And the vitamins A and C.
LIKE ALL SEA FOODS Canned Salmon gives you iodine, a vital aid in the prevention of goiter.

WE'RE FEATURING

CANNED SALMON NOW!



SALMON MUFFINS

1/2 cup uncooked rice
1 tbsp. oil
1 cup (2 lbs.) Canned Salmon
2 eggs, beaten
1/4 tsp. salt, dash pepper
2 tbsp. chopped pimientos
1 tbsp. butter

Put uncooked rice in saucepan with oil and brown lightly, stirring frequently. Add one cup water, cover and cook until tender. Flake 2 cups salmon. Combine cooked rice, fish, salt, pepper, pimientos, and 1 egg. Mix well. Place in 6 well-oiled, round large muffin tins or ramekins. Bake remaining salmon in large pieces and press well down in center of mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 25-30 minutes. Remove from baking tin and serve salmon-side-up, dressed with melted butter, on glazed pineapple slices. Serves 6.

SALMON LOAF TEXAS

2 cups savory bread dressing
1 tbsp. chopped parsley
2 eggs, slightly beaten
4 cups (2 lbs.) Canned Salmon
1/4 tsp. salt
Dash pepper, 2 tbsp. butter

For savory dressing, sauté bread crumbs with onion fried in a little butter, sage, thyme, chopped celery or celery salt, to taste. Add parsley and eggs. Flake 3 cups salmon and add. Season. Melt butter in loaf pan, brush sides with it; pack salmon mixture firmly into pan and decorate top with remaining flakes of salmon. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 25-30 minutes. Turn out and place salmon-side-up on platter. Garnish with water cress and serve with highly seasoned Spanish sauce. Serves 6 to 8.

SALMON AND SPINACH

2 cups (1 lb.) Canned Salmon
2 tbsp. flour
1/4 tsp. salt
Dash pepper
3 tbsp. butter
1 to 2 lbs. spinach, cooked and seasoned

Separate salmon into 4 large pieces. Dust with flour, season with salt and pepper and fry in butter until golden brown. Place on 4 rounds of steamed spinach and serve hot, with Hollandaise sauce if desired. Serves 4.

